Poore *Bassianus* here lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrranie.
She giueth Saturnine a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

And if wee misse to meete him handsomelie,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to burie Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke Sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* here.
Aron. My gratious Lord here is the bag of gold.
King. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd,
Some neuer hard of tortering paine for them.
Tam. VVhat are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered.
Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be proude in them.
King. If it be proude, you see it is apparant,

who

Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did tak
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be thei
For by my Fathers reuerent toombe I vo
They shall be ready at your highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liue
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see th
Some bring the murthered body, some t
Let them not speake a word the guilt is pl
For by my soule, were there worse end tha
That end vpon them should be executed.
Tamora. Andronicus I will intreat the
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well e
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to t

Enter the Empresse sonnes with Lauini
cut off, and her tongue cut out, &

Deme. So now go tell and if thy tongu
VVho twas that cut thy tongue and rauis
Chi. VVrite downe thy minde bewray
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the
Deme. See how with signes and tokens
Chi. Goe home, call for sweet water
Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chi. And twere my cause, I should goe ha
Dmet. If thou hadst hands to helpe the

Enter Marcus from hunting

VVho is this, my Neece that flies away so
Cosen a word, where is your husband:
If I doe dreame would all my wealth wou